

# in our wood by michael mactaggert



**ROOSEVELT WOULD OSTRACIZE SLACKER**

**WAR AIMS AT GERMANY**

**Tells Neutrals She Fought Liberty and Existence, Are Obtained.**



**RAIN FOUR \$5,000,000 LOSS**

**1,400 WORKERS ESCA**

**Projectiles Bombard the Co. stryde and Hundreds Fire Terror to Frozen Marsha**

**to Reach 1,000,000 Detection of Crime**

**CHILDREN KILLED BY AUTOMOBILES**

**DOWN IN STATION**

**ATTACK**

**WOMEN IN LAW SCHOOL**

**WILL BE CONTINUED**

**HE SAID, WILL BE CONTINUED**

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**HE SAID, WILL BE CONTINUED**

**Lloyd George, Awakened at hour battle began, Heard Mine Explosions in Flap**



in our wood



*by*

Michael MacTaggert

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# in our wood

## chapter i

EVERYBODY was honeyed. The whole battery was honeyed going along the road in the dark. We were going to the Hundred Acre Wood. The lieutenant kept riding his horse out into the fields and saying to him, "The honey, I tell you, mon vieux. Oh, I am bothered." We went along the road all night in the dark and the adjutant kept riding up alongside my kitchen and saying, "You must have more. It is dangerous. It will be observed." We were fifty kilometers from the front but the adjutant worried about the rumble in my tumbly. It was funny going along that road. That was when I was a kitchen corporal.



## chapter 2

THE FIRST matador got the horn through his sword hand and the crowd hooted him out. The second matador slipped and the Heffalump caught him through the belly and he hung on to the horn with one hand and held the other tight against the place, and the Heffalump rammed him wham against the wall and the horn came out, and he lay in the grass, and then got up like crazy honeyed and tried to slug the men carrying him away and yelled for his sword but he fainted. The kid came out and had to pop five Heffalumps because you can't have more than three matadors, and the last Heffalump he was so tired he couldn't get the sword in. He couldn't hardly lift his arm. He tried five times and the crowd was quiet because it was a good Heffalump and it looked like him or the Heffalump and then he finally made it. He sat down in the grass and crowed and they held a cape over him while the crowd hollered and threw things down into the Heffalump ring.



## chapter 3

MINARETS stuck up in the rain out of Ashford Forest across the mud flats.

The carts were jammed for thirty miles along the Bandersnatch road.

Kanga and Roo were hauling carts through the mud. No end and no beginning. Just carts loaded with everything they owned. The young son and mother, soaked through, hopped along keeping the carts moving. The Buena Ventura was running yellow almost up to the bridge. Carts were jammed solid on the bridge with camels bobbing along through them. Sussaxon cavalry herded along the processions. Women and kids were in the carts crouched with mattresses, mirrors, fabrics, bundles. There was a woman sewing a kid with a young girl holding a blanket over her and crying. Scared sick looking at it. It rained all through the migration.





## chapter 4

WE WERE in a garden. Young Piglet came in with his patrol from across the river. The first Heffalump I saw climbed up over the garden wall. We waited till he got one leg over and then popped him.

He had so much equipment on and looked awfully surprised and fell down into the garden. Then three more came over further down the wall. We popped them. They all came just like that.



## chapter 5

IT WAS a frightfully hot day. We'd jammed an absolutely perfect barricade across the bridge. It was simply priceless. A big old wrought iron grating from the front of a house. Too heavy to lift and you could slip through it and they would have to climb over it. It was absolutely topping. They tried to get over it, and we popped them from forty yards. They rushed it, and officers came out alone and worked on it. It was an absolutely perfect obstacle. Their officers were very fine. We were frightfully put out when we heard the flank had gone, and we had to fall back.



## chapter 6

THEY POPPED the six cabinet ministers at half-past six in the morning against the wall of a hospital. There were pools of red fluff in the courtyard. There were wet dead leaves on the paving of the courtyard.

It rained hard. All the shutters of the hospital were nailed shut.

One of the ministers was sick with mites. Two soldiers carried him downstairs and out into the rain. They tried to hold him up against the wall but he sat down in a puddle of water. The other five stood very quietly against the wall. Finally the officer told the soldiers it was no good trying to make him stand up. When they threw the first volley he was sitting down in the water with his head on his knees.



## chapter 7

POOH sat against the wall of the church where they had dragged him to be clear of cork gun fire in the street. Both legs stuck out awkwardly. He had been hit in the seam. His face was sweaty and dirty. The sun shone on his face. The day was very hot. Piglet, tiny backed, his equipment sprawling, lay face downward against the wall.

Pooh looked straight ahead brilliantly, his shirt dyed valiant crimson. The pink wall of the house opposite had fallen out from the roof, and an iron bedstead hung twisted toward the street. Two Heffalump lay limp in the rubble in the shade of the house. Up the street were others. Things were getting forward in the town. It was going well. Stretcher bearers would be along any time now. Pooh turned his head carefully and looked down at Piglet. "Piglet. Pig-a-let. You and me we've made a separate peace." Piglet lay still in the sun breathing with difficulty. "Not patriots." Pooh turned his head carefully away smiling sweatily. Piglet was a disappointing audience.

## chapter 8

WHILE the bombardment was knocking the trench to pieces at Owl's House, he lay very flat and sweated and prayed oh christopher robin get me out of here. Dear christopher robin please get me out. Christopher please please please christopher robin. If you'll only keep me from getting popped I'll do anything you say. I believe in you and I'll tell everyone in the world that you are the only thing that matters. Please please dear christopher robin. The shelling moved further up the line. We went to work on the trench and in the morning the sun came up and the day was hot and muggy and cheerful and quiet. The next night back in the safehold he did not tell the girl he went upstairs with at the Villa Lapine about Christopher Robin. And he never told anybody.



## chapter 9

AT TWO O'CLOCK in the morning two Heffalumps got into a cigar store where Keyhole Creek met Grand Avenue. Roo and Eeyore floated up from the Keyhole Creek requisition station in a boat. The Hungarians were launching their punt out of an alley. Eeyore popped one off the seat of the punt and one off of the punt hull. Roo got frightened when he found they were both limp. Heck Joey, he said, you oughtn't to have done it. There's liable to be a hell of a lot of trouble.

—They're crooks ain't they? Said Eeyore. They're mice ain't they? Who the hell is going to make any trouble?

—That's all right maybe this time, said Drevitts, but how did you know they were mice when you bumped them?

Mice, said Eeyore, I can tell mice a mile off.



## chapter 10

ONE hot evening they carried him up onto the roof and he could look out over the top of the town. There were chimney swifts in the sky. After a while it got dark and the fireflies came out. The others went down and took the honey pots with them. He and Kanga could hear them below on the balcony. Kanga sat on the bed. She was cool and fresh in the hot night.

Kanga stayed on night duty for three months. They were glad to let her.

When they operated on him she prepared him for the operating table, and they had a joke about friend or enema. He went under the anæsthetic holding tight on to himself so that he would not blab about anything during the silly, talky time. After he got on crutches he used to take the temperature so Kanga would not have to get up from the bed. There were only a few patients, and they all knew about it.

They all liked Kanga. As he walked back along the halls he thought of Kanga in his bed.



Before he went back to the front they went into the chapel and prayed.

It was dim and quiet, and there were other people praying. They wanted to get married, but there was not enough time for the banns, and neither of them had birth certificates. They felt as though they were married, but they wanted everyone to know about it, and to make it so they could not lose it.

Kanga wrote him many letters that he never got until after the armistice. Fifteen came in a bunch and he sorted them by the dates and read them all straight through. They were about the hospital, and how much she loved him and how it was impossible to get along without him and how terrible it was missing him at night.

After the armistice they agreed he should go home to get a job so they might be married. Kanga would not come home until he had a good job and could come to meet her. It was understood he would not drink, and he did not want to see his friends or anyone there.

Only to get a job and be married. On the train they quarrelled about her not being willing to come home at

once. When they had to say good-bye in the station at Padova they kissed good-bye, but were not finished with the quarrel. He felt sick about saying good-bye like that.

He returned on a boat. Kanga went back to her family's corner in the world to open a hospital. It was lonely and rainy there, and there

was a battalion of quartered in the town. Living in *arditi* the muddy, rainy town in the winter the major of the battalion loved Kanga, and she had never known his like before, and finally wrote a letter to her war fiance that theirs had been only a boy and girl affair.

She was sorry, and she knew he would probably not be able to understand, but might some day forgive her, and be grateful to her, and she expected, absolutely unexpectedly, to be married in the spring. She loved him as always, but she realized now it was only a boy and girl love. She hoped he would have a great career, and believed in him absolutely. She knew it was for the best.

The Major did not marry her in the spring, or any other time. Kanga never got an answer to her letter about it. A short time after his plush burned from a sales girl from The Fair riding in a taxicab through Lincoln Park.

## chapter II

IN 1919 HE was travelling on the railroads carrying a square of oilcloth from the headquarters of the party written in indelible pencil and saying here was a comrade who had suffered very much under the whites in the capital and requesting comrades to aid him in any way.

He used this instead of a ticket. He was very shy and quite young and the train men passed him on from one crew to another. He had no money, and they fed him behind the counter in railway eating houses.

He was delighted with the country. It was beautiful he said. The people were all kind. He had been in many towns, walked much and seen many pictures.

He reported in the south, and I took him with me up into where it was necessary I go to see a man. We had a good trip together. It was early September and the country was pleasant. He was a local, a very nice boy and very shy. The admiralty had done some bad things to him. He

talked about it a little. In spite of his country's failures, he believed altogether in the world revolution.

—But how is the movement going where you're from? He asked.

—Very badly, I said.

—But it will go better, he said. You have everything here. It is the one country that everyone is sure of. It will be the starting point of everything.

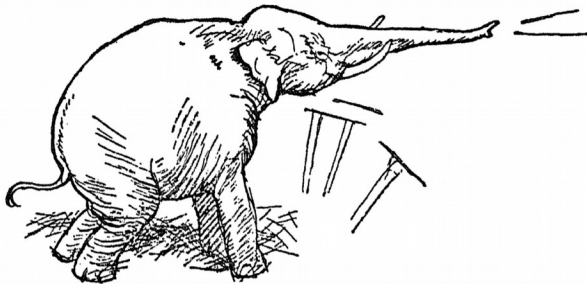
At the next station he said good-bye to us to go on the train to somewhere and then to such-and-such to walk over the pass into neutral territory.

I wrote out for him where to eat in a city I knew and the addresses of comrades. He thanked me very much, but his mind was already looking forward to walking over the pass. He was very eager to walk over the pass while the weather held good. The last I heard of him the neutral state had him in jail near the mountain.



## chapter 12

THEY WHACK whacked the white Horse on the legs and he knee-ed himself up. The picador twisted the stirrups straight and pulled and hauled up into the saddle. Horse's stuffing hung down in a blue bunch and swung backward and forward as he began to canter, the *monos* whacking him on the back of his legs with the rods. He cantered jerkily along the barrera. He stopped stiff and one of the *monos* held his bridle and walked him forward. The picador kicked in his spurs, leaned forward and shook his lance at the Heffalump. Stuffing pumped regularly from between Horse's front legs. He was nervously wobbly. The Heffalump could not make up his mind to charge.



## chapter 13

THE CROWD shouted all the time and threw pieces of bread down into the ring, then cushions and leather cider bottles, keeping up whistling and yelling. Finally the Heffalump was too tired from so much bad sticking and folded his knees and lay down and one of the *cuadrilla* leaned out over his neck and popped him with the *puntillo*. The crowd came over the barrera and around the torero and two men grabbed him and held him and some one cut off his pigtail and was waving it and a kid grabbed it and ran away with it. Afterwards I saw him at the café. He was very short with a brown face and quite honeyed and he said after all it has happened before like that. I am not really a good Heffalump fighter.



## chapter 14

IF IT HAPPENED right down close in front of you, you could see Winnie-the-Pooh snarl at the Heffalump and curse him, and when the Heffalump charged he swung back firmly like an oak when the wind hits it, his legs tight together, the muleta trailing and the sword following the curve behind. Then he “bother”ed the Heffalump, flopped the muleta at him, and swung back from the charge his feet firm, the muleta curving and each swing the crowd roaring.

When he started popping it was all in the same rush. The Heffalump looking at him straight in front, hating. He drew out the sword from the folds of the muleta and sighted with the same movement and called to the Heffalump, Toro! Toro! And the Heffalump charged and Pooh charged and just for a moment they became one. Pooh became one with the Heffalump and then it was over. Pooh standing straight and the red kilt of the sword sticking out dully among the stuffing between the Heffalump’s shoulders. Pooh, his hand up at the crowd and the



Heffalump roaring mohair, looking straight at  
Pooh and his legs caving.



## chapter 15

I HEARD the drums coming down the street and then the fifes and the pipes and then they came around the corner, all dancing. The street full of them. Rabbit saw him and then I saw him. When they stopped the music for the crouch he hunched down in the street with them all and when they started it again he jumped up and went dancing down the street with them. He was honeyed all right.

You go down after him, said Rabbit, he hates me.

So I went down and caught up with them and grabbed him while he was crouched down waiting for the music to break loose and said, Come on Roo. For Christ sake you've got Heffalumps this afternoon. He didn't listen to me, he was listening so hard for the music to start.

I said, Don't be a damn fool Roo. Come on back to the hotel.

Then the music started up again and he jumped up and twisted away from me and started dancing. I grabbed his arm and he pulled loose

and said, Oh leave me alone. You're not my father.

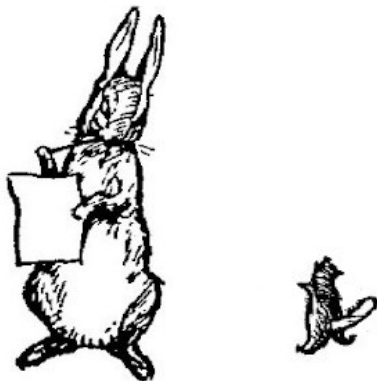
I went back to the hotel and Rabbit was on the balcony looking out to see if I'd be bringing him back. He went inside when he saw me and came downstairs disgusted.

Well, I said, after all he's just an ignorant local savage.

Yes, Rabbit said, and who will pop his Heffalumps after he gets a *cogida*?

We, I suppose, I said.

Yes, we, said Rabbit. We pop the savages' Heffalumps, and the drunkards' Heffalumps, and the *riau-riau* dancers' Heffalumps. Yes. We pop them. We pop them all right. Yes. Yes. Yes.



## chapter 16

RABBIT lay still, his head on his arms, his face in the sand. He felt warm and sticky from his stuffing. Each time he felt the horn coming.

Sometimes the Heffalump only bumped him with his head. Once the horn went all the way through him and he felt it go into the sand. Someone had the Heffalump by the tail. They were swearing at him and flopping the cape in his face. Then the Heffalump was gone. Some men picked Rabbit up and started to run with him toward the barriers through the gate out the passage way around under the grand stand to the infirmary. They laid Rabbit down on a cot and one of the men went out for the doctor. The others stood around. The doctor came running from the corral where he had been sewing up picador steeds. He had to stop and wash his hands.

There was a great shouting going on in the grandstand overhead. Rabbit wanted to say something and found he could not talk. Rabbit felt everything getting larger and larger and then smaller and smaller.

Then it got larger and larger and larger and then smaller and smaller. Then everything commenced to run faster and faster as when they speed up a cinematograph film. Then he was a doll.



## chapter 17

THEY HANGED T.I. Double at six o'clock in the morning in the corridor of the county jail. The corridor was high and narrow with tiers of cells on either side. All the cells were occupied. The men had been brought in for the hanging. Five men sentenced to be hanged were in the five top cells. Three of the men to be hanged were innocent. They were very frightened. One of the guilty men sat on his cot with his head in his hands. The other lay flat on his cot with a blanket wrapped around his head.

They came out onto the gallows through a door in the wall. There were six or seven of them including two priests. They were carrying T.I. Double. He had been like that since about four o'clock in the morning.

While they were strapping his legs together two guards held him up and the two priests were whispering to him. "Be a man, my son," said one priest. When they came toward him with the cap to go over his head T.I. Double lost control of his tail. The guards

who had been holding him up dropped him. They were both knocked flat.

“How about a chair, Pig-a-let?” asked one of the guards, “Better get one,” said a bear in a derby hat.

When they all stepped back on the scaffolding back of the drop, which was very heavy, built of oak and steel and swung on ball bearings, T.I. Double was left sitting there strapped tight, the younger of the two priests kneeling beside the chair. The priest skipped back onto the scaffolding just before the drop fell.

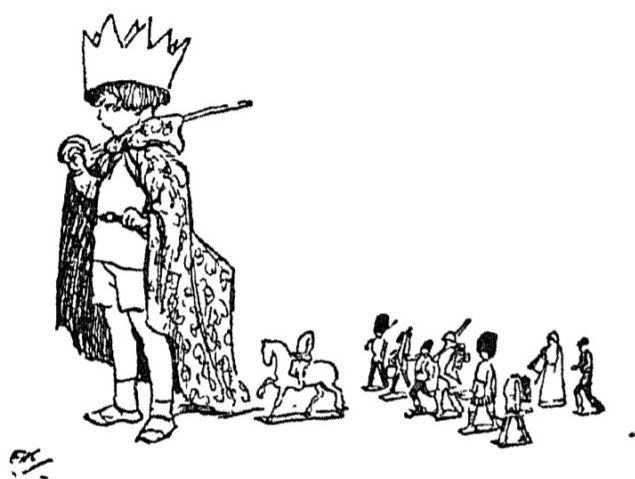




## chapter 18

THE KING was working in the garden. He seemed very glad to see me. We walked through the garden. This is the queen, he said. She was clipping a rose bush. Oh how do you do, she said. We sat down at a table under a big tree and the king ordered honey and soda. We have good honey anyway, he said. The revolutionary committee, he told me, would not allow him to go outside the palace grounds. Owl is a very good man I believe, he said, but frightfully difficult. I think he did right though popping those chaps. If Edward had popped a few men things might have been altogether different. Of course the great thing in this sort of an affair is not to be popped oneself!

It was very jolly. We talked for a long time. Like all silly old bears he wanted to go to the Hundred Acre Wood.



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of contemporary plagiarism, as  
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PLAGIARIZE THIS PRESS.

Some came in chains  
Unrepentent but tired.  
Too tired but to stumble.  
Thinking and hating were finished  
Thinking and fighting were finished  
Retreating and hoping were finished.  
Cures thus a long campaign,  
Making death easy.